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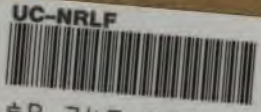

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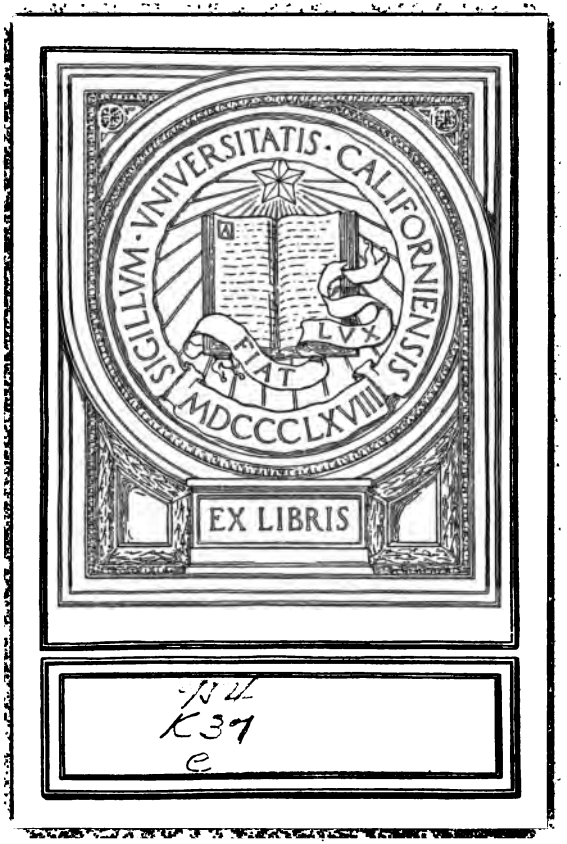

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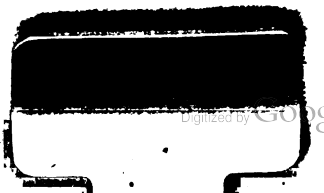

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ELLA ROSENBERG:

A MELO-DRAMA.

PRICE 2s.

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E. Blackader, Printer, Took's-Court, Chancery Lane.

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De Wilde del. Freeman sculp.

Mrs. H. Siddons
in the Character of Ella Rosenberg.

Published by Longman & Co. Dec.r 2. 1807.

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ELLA ROSENBERG:

A MELO-DRAMA.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY

JAMES KENNEY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1807.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE ELECTOR,	Mr. Raymond.
COL. MOUNTFORT,	Mr. De Camp.
ROSENBERG,	Mr. Elliston.
STORM,	Mr. Bannister.
FLUTTERMAN,	Mr. Matthews.
COMMANDER OF THE GUARD,	Mr. Ray.
OFFICER,	Mr. Fisher.
SOLDIER,	Mr. Maddocks.
STEPHEN, CONRAD, Soldiers of Mountfort's Party	Mr. Cooke. Mr. Male.
MESSENGER,	Mr. Sparks.
PEASANTS	Messrs. Dignum, Gibbon, &c.
PURSUERS	Messrs. Webb, Evans, &c.
ELLA ROSENBERG,	Mrs. H. Siddons.
CHRISTINA,	Miss Ray.
MRS. FLUTTERMAN,	Mrs. Sparks.

Officers—Soldiers—Peasants, &c.

SCENE.—Molwitz, a Province of Prussia.

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ELLA ROSENBERG;

A MELO-DRAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

AN APARTMENT PLAINLY FURNISHED.

An Entrance-Door in the Centre—a Closet on the Left.

Enter CHRISTINA *at the Door.*

Christina.

HEIGHO! every body rejoicing—every house full of happiness but our's—There sits my uncle, as melancholy as ever—thinking of our poor unhappy young lady.—While *her* sufferings continue, even the news of victory cannot revive him. *(A knocking at the door.)* Who's there?

Enter FLUTTERMAN, *flourishing about.*

Flut. It's I, my dear.—I'll walk in—Go where I will, small chance but I am welcome.

Chris. Why, who is it?

Flut. Who? Come, that's very pleasant. It's I, Sigismund Flutterman.—What, didn't know me? No great wonder—I hardly know myself.

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Chris. So I should think, indeed, when you expose yourself in this way.—It's not for your credit.

Flut. No—it's for the honour of the whole province—for the honour of Molwitz—Have'nt we gain'd a most splendid victory?

Chris. Well, we all know that.

Flut. Do you? Then why the Devil don't you laugh? Why arn't you merry?—Where's your Uncle?—Where's the magnanimous Captain Storm?—Zounds! why the House is as dull as the Enemy's Camp.

Chris. You won't make it merrier, I'm sure.—What business you have in it at all I can't guess.

Flut. Hark, ye, lovely Christina.—You know I'm Burgomaster, and Landlord of the Grenadier—The loyal inhabitants of Molwitz have resolved on a loyal address to the Elector on the late glorious success of his arms.—I proposed it—I composed it;—and I, at the head of a select deputation, shall deliver it.

Chris. I—I—I, as usual. Always thinking and talking of yourself.

Flut. Aye—that's my candour. Depend upon it, my love, it's a favourite subject with more ladies and gentlemen than think fit to acknowledge it.

Chris. But what have we to do with your address?

Flut. An infinite deal, to be sure.—Only consider how much the ugly, brown, weather-beaten phiz of an old soldier would adorn the front rank of our loyal procession.

Chris. May be so; but my uncle won't go, I'm sure. He's much better employed.

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Flut. Better employed!

Chris. Yes—comforting a poor Lady in distress.

Flut. Comforting a Lady!—Oh, yes;—that's very pretty employment we all know. I have experienced it myself. The other day old Lady Dunderman plump'd out of her barouche, and broke one of her clumsy legs at the door of the Grenadier. She spent twenty florins in the inside of it, and I administer'd a deal of comfort to her.—Oh! here comes the Captain.

Enter STORM (*singing in a tone of Melancholy*)

"Begone, dull Care, &c. &c.

Flut. Oh, yes!—that he will—for I'm here. (Storm *stares*) Sigismund Flutterman, Burgomaster, and Proprietor of the Grenadier.—— Captain—

Storm. Well!

Flut. The loyal inhabitants of Molwitz have resolved unanimously on an address to the Elector, on his late signal and glorious victory;—which address was propos'd, is now compos'd, and will shortly be delivered by your humble servant.—Now if you would only join the deputation—

Storm. Not I.

Flut. Won't you?—Zooks, Captain, why what makes you so dull?

Storm. What used to make me merry—my grey hairs and my crippled limb. Once they only reminded me of years of hard and glorious service —a cheering recollection.

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Flut. Yes;—so I've heard say.

Storm. Now that misfortune has taken shelter with me, they only remind me of my poverty, and want of power to cure it.

Flut. Very uncomfortable indeed.—I suppose you mean the fair and fine lady that has come to you for protection.

Storm. Yes, from the snares of a scoundrel! One of the Elector's prime favourites too——Don't take me with you, or old Storm may chance to tell him to his teeth that fighting our battles doesn't quite complete the duties of a prince.—What does it avail us that he beats our enemies abroad, while he extends his power to wretches who use it to increase our miseries at home.

Flut. Yes—that may be very true;—but there's nothing of that sort in my address.

Chris. But princes can't know every thing, uncle. The colonel is allowed to be a man of great bravery.

Storm. Bravery! More's the pity, when both sexes are to be its victims. Shame on the soldier who perverts so noble a quality to dazzle and corrupt the female virtue it should be his proudest boast to protect.

Flut. Yes, that's my notion; and I bless my stars, there's no such dangerous point about me, to corrupt any female virtue.

Chris. (aside) Tiresome blockhead!—*(to him)* Well, we needn't detain you, you know, Mr. Flutterman.

Flut. I beg you wouldn't mention it—I'm perfectly at leisure:—the captain talks so finely I could listen to him all day.

Storm. I'll soon dismiss him *(aside)*.—Will you lend me fifty florins?

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Flut. Eh?

Chris. Will you lend him fifty florins?

Flut. What did you say? *(looks at his watch)* Bless me! its growing very late.—I'm afraid the deputation is waiting for me—I wish you good morning.—Your situation must be very uncomfortable, Captain; but you know I shall shortly have the ear of the Elector—If I should chance to make an impression—

Storm. Psha!

Flut. I say, if I should—but I dare say I shan't! *(conceitedly)* I dare say the Elector won't notice such a man as I am.—But if he should, you know;—I'll think of you.—Good morning—rank, place, or pension—Like other great men, Sigismund Flutterman will be very happy to serve you—at second hand. [*Exit.*

Storm (sings) "Why, soldiers, why—whose business 'tis to die."

Chris. Don't sing, uncle, you always make me so melancholy.

Storm. Well, she shall share our crust with us!—There she sits all day long at her drawing—I have just told her of a subject.

Chris. What is it, uncle?

Storm. Her father—when he stood over me in the battle where I received my wound, and rescued me from the bayonets of a host of the enemy.

Chris. You never told me her story.

Storm. It isn't long. Her husband, Rosenberg, was the intimate friend of this villain Mountfort, till he took a fancy to his wife. One morning Mountfort insulted him on the parade.—Rosenberg drew—wounded his adversary and superior officer, and fled, as it was supposed, to the

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capital, to seek protection at the feet of the Elector—for Rosenberg had once been his page, and was still his favourite.—That's two years ago —and he hasn't since been heard of.—What d'ye think of it Christina?

Chris. Perhaps some assassin—

Storm. May be not—Mountfort had much in his power; he was just appointed to the government of the province.—Perhaps imprison'd secretly:—

Chris. And his wife?

Storm. Heart-broken with grief, took refuge in the arms of her father.—Age and sorrow soon brought the old man to the grave; and then he consigned her to me—I shan't forget the time—"Captain," says he,—"you must take my Ella.—"She has lost her mother and her husband, and "now I must leave her too.—Give her shelter—"protect her from the villain Mountfort—and "may it be your lot to restore her to Rosenberg"—I couldn't speak—but he knew what I meant, and died in peace.—Protect her! Isn't she a suffering innocent?—Isn't she the child of my dearest friend?—and till this arm be cold as his, let any man dare insult her!

Chris. Ah! but this Mountfort, they say, has so many schemes—so many plans and disguises, it's almost impossible for a woman to escape him.

Storm. Yes—he's a devil!—But I don't fear him.

Chris. But what is become of Rosenberg's wealth?

Storm. 'Twas forfeit to the state, because he ran away. However, I've ventured to petition

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the Elector for restitution of a support for his wife.

Chris. And did you complain of Mountfort?

Storm. No—he's too strong in favour—It would have been dangerous—Oh! here comes our lovely guest.

Enter ELLA (*with a Picture.*)

Ella. Good morning, Christina. Captain, I have completed my picture.—How shall I dispose of it?

Storm. Psha!—No matter for that—you give yourself too much trouble—Christina, prepare our breakfast.

Chris. I will, uncle. [*Exit.*

Storm. Come, courage! Keep up your spirits. Be merry as I am—(*stifling a sigh.*)

Ella. Dear sir! you are my only stay, my only comforter.—How shall I repay your kindness?

Storm. By never reminding me of it. Had I palaces to bestow on you, I should only repay your father's friendship to his lawful heiress.

Ella. Generous man!—Any answer to your petition?

Storm. No.—You've heard of the victory! Shouts! rejoicings! congratulations!—They must be heard first.

Ella. And is it true that Mountfort is made governor of this province?

Storm. It's true enough.

Ella. I tremble to hear it!—Should he discover our habitation—

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Storm. He'll discover then that its my castle, and inaccessible to a seducer, as to a common enemy.

Ella. But his power!—Alas! I'm doom'd to be persecuted.

Storm. Never, say so, never droop—Zounds! I'd rather hear an enemy's artillery at my door, than the sigh of a woman within it.—But if he will torment you, and make you unhappy, we'll get out of his way. I'll sell off my little property, and will fly to some other country, where we may find peace and security.

Re-enter Christina (*with Breakfast, which she places on the Table.*)

But, come—here's our breakfast waiting.—Sit down, my child—I have a rare appetite, and we shall resist the enemy the better for being well provision'd!—Why, Christina! is this all?—Consider our guest has been used to a little variety.

Ella. Indeed, Sir, there's abundance.

Chris. Oh! but there's plenty in the garden! I'll fetch some more directly. [*Exit.*

Storm. Perhaps you'd like it better in your own room?

Ella. No—I prefer this, if you do.

Storm. Why I confess I've an affection for it—old habits—many an old comrade has smoaked his pipe with me in this room.

Ella. And yet you talked of leaving it for me.

Storm. Well, well; no more of that—(*takes the picture*) And so this is your picture?

Ella. Yes;—Where shall I find a purchaser?

Storm. Any one would be a purchaser, I'm sure, who knew the artist.—Have you thought of my subject?

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Ella. Yes—and should I ever change my abode, may, perhaps, attempt it.

Storm. Come, come, that's being over scrupulous. *(A knocking at the door.)* Come in.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. Are you Captain Storm of the Invalids?

Storm. I am—more's my misfortune.

Mess. Your Commanding Officer wants to see you at the castle.

Storm. I'll follow you directly—I'm not going far, my dear; I shall soon return.

[*Exit with the* Messenger.

Ella. How inflexible is the fortitude of this brave officer, whilst I, alas! sink under the weight of my affliction.—Oh, Rosenberg! where art thou?—What is thy mysterious fate?—Thy sole care, perhaps, is for thy deserted Ella!—Alas! if misfortune must be our lot, why may we not sigh together—why may not our tears be mingled!—How much more welcome would death have been than this cruel separation! *(a knocking at the door.)* Some one knocks—Somebody wanting the Captain, perhaps.—Who's there?

Mountfort (in a feigned voice) without—A person from Isaac the picture merchant. [*Music.*

[Ella *opens the door—Colonel* Mountfort *enters, disguised as a Jew.* Ella, *at first, seems uneasy, but as he speaks, gradually recovers her self-possession.*

Mount. I peg your pardon, Madam, but my friend Isaac tell me vat you make de pretty

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picture—If you shall make von for me, I shall be mosh oblige—Dere is some design—vil you be so kind and look?

Ella. Willingly, Sir, and shall thank you for your favours. [*Music.*

(Mount. *shews some drawings which he has in a portfolio.)*

Mount. (aside) 'Tis well—she does not know me. [*Music.*

[*While he engages* Ella's *attention towards the sketches,* Stephen *appears at the door*—Mountfort *makes signs to him*—*He repeats them without to* Conrad.—*They both enter, glide cautiously towards the closet, into which they enter, and shut the door;* Mountfort, *in the mean time, anxiously observing them.*

Mount. Very pretty—how you like my designs, Madam?—Very ingenious, don't you tink?

Ella. Very ingenious—These two will furnish charming subjects—At what price shall I execute them?

Mount. (discovering himself) At that of my eternal affection, adorable Ella! *(falls at her feet.)*

Ella. Colonel Mountfort! I am lost! *(attempts to fly.)*

Mount. (seizing and detaining her) Charming Ella, compose yourself. Pardon this device—consider it as the effects of a passion, ardent, unalterable—which no obstacles can ever surmount or controul.

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Ella. Cruel man! Think of my husband!—Oh! Mountfort—think of your once loved Rosenberg!

Mount. Is he not lost?—perhaps irrecoverably—

Ella. (with resolution) Dishonourable suggestion!—Beware, and leave me.—You are beneath the roof of a respectable man, who honors me with his protection. Humble as he is, he will avenge this outrage.

Mount. He dares not.—No, Madam, I shall not leave you.—Since fortune has, at length, placed you in my power, I will frankly own to you my intentions. Absence has nothing abated the fervour of my admiration.—I have armed attendants at hand, and you must follow me.

Ella. (with indignation) Gracious Heaven!—Can it be possible! Have you the audacity to threaten me with violence?

Mount. Do not then compel me. Loveliest of women, the sacrifice you would make, my eternal gratitude shall repay.

Ella. Monster! you excite my horror!—Leave me—or I must call to my assistance those who will chastise your insolence.

Mount. This is too much!—You forget that insulted love becomes resentment.—Within there!

[*Music.*

Enter STEPHEN *and* CONRAD *from the Closet.*

Ella. (kneeling) Nay, then, I implore your pity.

Mount. It is too late!

[Ella, *in rising, attempts to draw* Mountfort's *sword, and defend herself.*

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Ella. Treacherous villain!

Chris. He intreated for a parting word to you, Madam; and I fell on my knees to beg for his release;—but it was all in vain:—they dragg'd him away, without listening to a word.

Ella. I shall go distracted—But follow him, Christina—Do not abandon your uncle!

Chris. Can I forsake you, Madam?

Ella. Oh! yes, yes—Heaven has forsaken me! Leave me! Leave me to my despair.—Let all I love forsake me, for misery is around me, and every friend must share it—Oh! my heart, when! when shall I have rest!

Chris. Did the Colonel, Madam, attempt to insult you?

Ella. Oh! yes, Christina—and now his attempt may be renewed—I must be gone. There is no time to lose—I'll fly at once.

Chris. Whither? Whither?

Ella. Heaven knows—Heaven must be my guide. [*Going.*

Enter STEPHEN *and* CONRAD.

Steph. Madam, you go with us.

Ella. I'm lost! I'm lost!—(*They force her out.*)

Chris. Spare her! Spare her—Mercy, for heaven's sake! [*Exit, following them.*

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SCENE II.—A CAMP.

On one Side the Tent of the Elector *is prominent—The Army, joined by Parties of Peasantry, discovered rejoicing.*

CHORUS *to Martial Music.*

Sound the trumpet's brazen throat,
Strike the thund'ring drum and cymbal,—
Sound the fife's enlivening note,
Bugle horn and tinkling timbrel!

Our Prince we hail, with vict'ry crown'd!
With grateful hearts his throne surround,—
In songs of triumph, raise your voice,
To celebrate this day—Rejoice!

The ELECTOR *enters, surrounded by Officers of Rank.*

(*A dance of Peasant Girls, bearing wreaths of laurel, which they present to the* Elector.)

Elect. *(to an officer)* Enough!—we have shewn our gratitude for the success of our arms—Let us now think of the sacred duties of peace.—And first, for the complaints of my subjects.—Give me the memorials.—(*An Officer presents them.*)

(*The* Elector *seems to read them.*)

[Flutterman, *and several followers come forward and speak to the officer, who afterwards addresses the* Elector.

1st Officer. May it please your highness, the loyal inhabitants of Molwitz, with their Burgo-

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master at their head, request to offer their congratulations. *(The* Elector *nods assent, and continues to read.)*

Flut. (dukwardly and confused) Now don't interrupt me.—I declare I don't feel quite so bold as I thought I should.—Hem!—May it please your Serene Highness, I, Sigismund Flutterman, Burgo-master, and the rest of the inhabitants of Molwitz, beg leave to congratulate your invincible Serene Highness, on our splendid victory—that is, on *your* splendid victory.

Elec. (looking over a memorial) The wife of Rosenberg in distress.

Flut. Your Serene Highness is at once the gentlest, and most tremendous of heroes—benevolently cutting the throats of your neighbours, only to restore them to good order, and secure the future serenity of your Serene Highness.

Elec. It shall be so—she may communicate some intelligence of her husband. Rosenberg I loved and honoured, and his fate interests me—Strange he should not have relied on my clemency.

Flut. And to conclude—I, Sigismund Flutterman, Burgo-master, in particular, beg leave to assure your Serene Highness that any mark of your Serene Highness's favour will be met on my part, with the most perfect humility and condescension.

Elect. At present these people disturb me—let them retire.

1st Off. At present you disturb his Highness—you must retire.

Flut. Retire!—Oh! I understand. We are to be private.—You must retire—*(to the peasants.)*

1st Off. You among the rest.

Flut. Me!

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1st Off. Begone!—(Flutterman *looks black, his followers laugh.*)

Flut. Lord have mercy upon me!—Who is it that's laughing?—I'll make an example of him; How dare any of you—[*Retires, menacing them.*

Elect. It shall be so—I'll visit her myself.

Enter MOUNTFORT.

Elect. Well, Colonel, you come with congratulations.

Mount. Sincere and heartfelt.

Elect. Yet rather tardy, methinks.

Mount. An affair of an unpleasant nature has detained me; your Highness's order has again been insulted in my person. Even now an insolent subaltern raised his hand against me—tore the scarf from my shoulder, and trampled it beneath his feet.

Elect. These frequent outrages demand the utmost rigour.—He must not escape.

Mount. I have apprehended him, and only wait the necessary forms of martial justice to surrender him to the dreadful, but necessary punishment he has incurred.

Elect. (*to the Officers*) Let a court-martial be immediately held to try a prisoner on the charge of Colonel Mountfort.—(*Officers bow assent.*)

Mount. With your Highness's permission, I will explain his offence. [*Goes to join them.*

Elect. Hold!—a word in private (*he draws near*) I have a petition here from an old Officer of Invalids, on behalf of the wife of a former offender—Rosenberg.

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Mount. (*embarrass'd*) The wife of Rosenberg!

Elect. Aye.—You know he has a wife.

Mount. (*with hesitation*) Certainly.

Elect. Can you direct me to her abode?

Mount. (*suspiciously*) I cannot.—What may be the nature of this petition?

Elect. It complains simply of her distress—and solicits restitution of part of her husband's forfeit property.

Mount. (*aside*) So far I am safe then.

Elect. I shall visit her myself incognito.

Mount. Yourself—your Highness cannot seriously intend it—a mere hovel—

Elect. You have heard *something*, then, of her condition?

Mount. (*recollecting himself*) By vague report merely.

Elect. Her advocate, the old Invalid, is the owner of this hovel, and I shall certainly be his guest.—Besides the interest I take in the wife of poor Rosenberg, I am anxious to learn from her the place of his refuge—to which she is, doubtless, no stranger.

Mount. In that respect I should much doubt your Highness's success.

Elect. I'll try, nevertheless—Remember secrecy.—And now to your prisoner—Who is he? His name.

Mount. Confusion! Sire—he is of low rank—unknown to your Highness, and wholly undistinguish'd, but for the habitual turbulence of his disposition.

Elect. Then he has no title to mercy, and I commend him to your justice.

Mount. This is fortunate. (*Aside.*)

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Elect. Let no attendants follow me.—I would be alone. Let my subjects and soldiers continue their festivity. [*Retires to his Tent*

[*Music*

Mount. How critical is my situation!—But Ella is, by this time, in my power—and ere his return, Storm must—die?—Yes! my security now demands it—The house was deserted, and no witness will then remain——(*To the officers*) You heard the Elector's injunction—the utmost rigour—

1st Off. We shall observe it.—Where shall we hold council?

Mount. At my house—the prisoner is there in custody. Come, follow me. [*Music*

[*Exit, followed by Officers*

Flut. There—now the great Dons are gone, we'll have another frisk, and then adjourn to good cheer at the Grenadier. Hollo! Music! [*Music*

[*A Dance of Soldiers and Peasants, to Martial Music.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

A MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY. (*Night*).

A Symphony.—ROSENBERG *appears in the winding Path of a Mountain; his Beard is long, and his whole Appearance haggard and wretched.—He shews hurry and alarm—Pauses a moment, and then speaks.*

Ros. Still the footsteps are near me!—Which way shall I turn? Direct me Heaven!—(*Music*)—*He rushes down the path and disappears.*

Enter FOUR PURSUERS, *with Torches and follow him.* Rosenberg *re-appears on a gentle Eminence, at an advanced part of the Scene—Pauses, and anxiously looks back.*

Ros. Ha!—by the gleam of their torches, they have taken the path to the left—'Tis fortunate—Now could I but find concealment—Ah! no.—Compassion must be bought—and I am without a styver. (*Music*).

The ELECTOR *enters, wrapped up in a Military Cloak.*

Elec. This must be my path: and it is now sufficiently dark for my purpose.

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Ros. (*abruptly advancing.*) Stranger!—If you have a few superfluous florins, bestow them on a wretch whom they may rescue from destruction.

Elec. On you?

Ros. Yes.

Elec. What is your danger?

Ros. What are you that ask it?

Elec. A soldier.

Ros. Then you should not betray me.—I have escaped an unjust imprisonment—They pursue me.—What I crave is for the means of purchasing me a temporary concealment.

Elec. An unjust imprisonment in the Electorate of Brandenburg!—Fly and appeal to the Prince.

Ros. His ear is intercepted.

Elec. You wrong him to say so.

Ros. (*with impatience.*) No.—The Prince has unworthy favourites, and can wink at persecution.

Elec. To one who bears arms for him you recommend your petition strangely.

Ros. Pardon me—my feelings are distemper'd—I am angry and rash.

Elect. Were there the semblance of justice in your charge, under such circumstances it might merit excuse.—Could you but name an instance—

Ros. And do you recognise none?

Elec. None!

Ros. If you are a soldier you may know the name of Rosenberg.

Elec. Perfectly.

Ros. And his fate?

Elec. Perhaps but imperfectly.

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Ros. When a boy, he waited on the Elector's person—When a man, like you, he bore his arms —He served him faithfully—he loved him affectionately—But he resented an insult on his flatterer and favourite.

Elec. Go on.

Ros. You know the rigour of your martial law;—still he relied on the clemency of his sovereign—On his way to the capital to implore it, he was arrested.

Elec. Ah!

Ros. And without a trial, has since been suffered to linger miserably in a dungeon.

Elec. How do *you* know this?

Ros. (*aside*) I shall betray myself.

Elec. Speak!

Ros. (*cautiously*) We were imprisoned together.

Elec. Enough!—There's my purse—at the extremity of this path stands a house that will afford you a shelter; in the morning I'll meet you there, and we will speak further on this subject. —Confide in me, and be assured of your safety.

Ros. I'll trust you.

[*Exit* Elector.

Doubtless my imprisonment was to be for ever. The tone and manner of this stranger prove him of some rank. He, perhaps, may seek, may restore to me my Ella—and assist us to fly together. Oh! Ella! Ella! it is for thee I play the criminal, and shun the sight of men—For thy sake, I forbear to seek at once the haughty Mountfort, and stake again my life upon the issue of our quarrel.—The darkness thickens— 'Tis fortunate—Now then to my hiding place.

[*Exit*

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SCENE II.—ANOTHER PART OF THE MOUNTAINS. (*Music.*)

Enter STEPHEN *and* CONRAD *meeting.*

Steph. Conrad!

Con. Stephen!—Well, what success?

Steph. I can hear no tidings of her.

Con. Nor I—Cursed unlucky she should escape. You return'd to Storms?

Steph. Yes—Nobody was there but Storm's niece and a neighbour to keep her company.—Poor girl!—She was in sad trouble.

Con. And what did you do with the young lady's two wounded champions?

Steph. Left them to take care of themselves.

Con. That was right:—they've hindered us of a rich reward—and deserve all we gave 'em—Isn't that the Governor?

Steph. It is—Now we shall make a pretty figure.

Enter MOUNTFORT—(*musing and restless.*)

Mount. What can be the meaning of this delay? (*Muffled Drum beats without.*)

Hark!—the knell of Storm!—Yet, till Ella appear, his death but aggravates my danger—Who's there?—Ha! Conrad and Stephen! My good fellows!—Have you secured her?—Where is she?

Steph. She's escaped, Colonel.

Mount. Villains!

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Steph. 'Twas quite impossible to hinder it, indeed, Colonel.—Her cries were so loud that two armed travellers came to her assistance, and gave us such a tight job of it, that the prize ran off in the scuffle.

Mount. Did you not follow?

Steph. We couldn't till we had fairly settled with her champions; and by that time she was clear out of sight.

Mount. Have you returned to Storm's?

Steph. I have, but she hadn't return'd.

Mount. Continue the pursuit—Take different paths—I'll seek her this way myself. (*Muffled Drum beats again.*)
Hark!—The insolent Storm is condemned!—Let that sound warn you against my resentment. Speed and secrecy.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—A Perspective of the Camp.

A dead March—Muffled Drums at a distance continue beating at intervals. Enter Storm, *guarded, as if on his way to Execution.*

Commander of Guard. Halt!—Captain—those torches mark the spot where you are to suffer.

Storm. Well!—Why do you pause?—Every moment of life, of thought, is agony—desperation!—Be brief, comrade—I would die like a soldier.

Comm. I speak to you in kindness—If there

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is any charge you would commit to me at this awful moment, I will execute it faithfully and willingly.

Storm. Will you?—Dare you?

Comm. Why should you doubt it?

Storm. Hear me!—Psha!—The men will see me blubber—Come nearer—I leave behind me an unfortunate woman—wife of the lost Rosenberg.—In me she loses her last friend.——Mountfort—

Comm. I must not hear him named.

Storm. A scoundrel, then, would rob her of her virtue.—She has been driven from home to home—from friend to friend—and now—(*much moved*) I can't bear to think of her!

Comm. I understand you.—I will be her friend—I will conceal her.

Storm. Will you?—You see your danger?

Comm. Fear me not.—You have been unwise—I shall use more caution.

Storm. And don't let her know my fate, if you can help it.

Comm. I will endeavour.

Storm.—Heaven bless you—Heaven reward you! (*recovering himself.*) Now I'm prepared—march!

Ella. (*without*) Hold! Soldiers, hold!

Storm. Hark!—What voice is that?

Enter ELLA.—(*Her person in some disorder.*)

Ella. My dear Guardian!——(*rushes into* Storm's *arms.*)

(*The soldiers express surprize.*)

Storm. 'Tis she! my Ella!—How came you here? Why have you quitted your home?

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Ella. They forced me away—Strangers rescued me, and I again escaped.—Yes, Heaven has again directed me to my generous Storm—You are in danger!—Where is the Prince?—I'll fly to him this instant—kneel—pray—die for you!

Storm. My poor girl!—The Prince is hemmed round with sycophants—rascals!

Ella. I'll break through them all—I am grown strong now—irresistibly strong.—Is not my protector's life in danger?

Storm. What should persuade you so?

Ella. A dreadful presage! For you have been the friend of the wretched Ella Rosenberg.

Storm. (*aside*) She is uncertain then.—Fear not for me, my child—all will yet be well. Go to some neighbouring house, and rest yourself—My Commander, here, will let one of my comrades go with you—and you shall soon see a protector again!—Come, 'tis a rough night for you.

Ella. (*drooping by degrees and sinking on his arm*) I do not feel it.

Storm. (*to Comm.*) Look at her, my friend. Will you keep your promise?

Comm. At any risk. (*To a soldier*) Conduct that Lady to Flutterman's, and say I shall follow you there immediately.

Ella. (*recovering herself and looking fearfully on the soldier*) No, no—I dare not—cannot leave you?—(*Clinging to* Storm.)

(*Muffled Drum beats.*) ELLA *starts.*

Comm. Hark!—We must delay no longer! (*Drum again,* Storm *much disturbed.*)

Ella. What dreadful sound is that!

Storm. It means nothing!—(*aside to Soldier*)

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Not a word of my sentence.—(*to* Ella) Be pacified. I must leave you—But we shall meet again—Farewell! Heaven bless you!—Come on.

[*Breaks away and joins the Guards.*

Ella. Hold! (*attempts to follow.*)

Soldier. Madam, you cannot go.

Ella. They are going to kill him!—My friend! my father!—Mercy! mercy!

[*She falls on the ground—Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—Inside of Flutterman's House.

(*An entrance door—and doors of inner apartments.*

Flutterman *and* Peasants *discovered.*

Flut. Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant, very pleasant story, indeed—and now before you go, I'll tell you in return, something very surprising.

All. Well, let's hear.

Flut. You heard my address?

Peas. Yes, we did.

Flut. You observed the style I spoke it in?

Peas. Well, what then?

Flut. You noticed the grace and energy of my action? [*Flourishes his hand and strikes him.*

Peas. Yes; but I'd rather not feel it.

Flut. Ay, there it is now!—If it's not felt it's nothing.—Hence my astonishment.

Peas. At what?

Flut. Why, for all it's merits, the Elector has neither call'd nor sent. (*They laugh.*) What do you laugh at?—Why now here it is—Now I'll only just point out to you——

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Peas. Excuse us; it grows late—We'll have another strain, and then bid you good night.

Flut. You will?—Well if you prefer one of your own strains to my address, Heaven mend your taste, I say.

GLEE.

All when the wars are over,
In smiles we peasants meet;
For then no plund'ring rover
Our homely joys defeat.
Let friend or foe henceforth appear,
We gaily live in clover,
And greet him with a welcome cheer,
All, when the wars are over.

Soli. No more the fearful cannons roar;
The sound of strife is heard no more;
No terror now the village knows;
All all is hush'd in sweet repose.

Chorus. All when the wars, &c.

Mrs. F. (*without*) In the name of peace, haven't these people done singing yet?

Flut. There's my wife coming to deliver one of her addresses.

Peas. The devil she is!—Good night.

2d Peas. Good night.

Flut. Won't you stay and hear it?

Peas. No, thank ye—we've wife enough at home.

Flut. She speaks uncommonly well.

[*Exeunt Peasants.*

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Enter Mrs. FLUTTERMAN.

Mrs. F. Oh! they're gone, are they?—It's well for them. Have you no conscience, to keep these people from their wives till this time of night?

Flut. Yes, my love—it was in conscience that I did keep them from their wives.

Mrs. F. None of your sneers.—You know you have no conscience, you selfish coxcomb.

Flut. And if you had a little less, my love, it might be none the worse for the prosperity of the Grenadier.

Mrs. F. Pooh!—don't tell me!—Because I won't connive at stopping travellers on their journey for nothing, or chatter with our poor neighbours of a night, to keep them from their wives and families.

Flut. No, my darling:—and I don't blame you for not chattering; for I know nothing more likely to send them home. But talking of conscience, if the Elector leaves it to me, what shall I be?

Mrs. F. A blockhead, as long as you live, in spite of him.

Flut. No matter for that—Thank heaven, that's very little impediment to a man's preferment now-a-days.—So, I'll go to bed, and dream of further greatness.

Mrs. F. You'd better—That's your only chance of enjoying it, I promise you.

[*A knocking without.*

Flut. More visitors!

Mrs F. The door shall be open'd no more—Who's there?

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Soldier (without) A woman in distress.

Mrs F. Distress!—To that call it is open at all hours.

Flut. Aye—that's her conscience, again.

Mrs. F. (*opens the door*) You may leave 'em to me.

Flut. With all my heart, my love; for then I shall leave myself without you. [*Exit.*

Enter SOLDIER, *leading in* ELLA, *slowly and carefully.—Her looks express faintness and wild stupor.*

Mrs. F. Poor Lady!—She seems very ill.

Sold. Yes—I'm afraid her brain is a little gone.

Mrs. F. Sit down—Sit down, Madam, and compose yourself.—I declare, she's quite lost.—(*They place her in a chair.*) Who is she, poor creature?

Sold. I don't know; but my Commander will be here presently to take care of her.—It seems she has escaped from somebody that carried her off by force.

Mrs. F. Carried her off!

Sold. Aye; I've no time to give you any more information, if I could: I must return to my duty: But my Commander will tell you all. [*Exit.*

Mrs. F. Poor creature!—She must have been sadly used.—Will you take any refreshment, Madam?

Ella. They've murder'd him!—His grey hairs are steep'd in blood!—But I was not the cause.

Mrs. F. Mercy!—She talks of murdering! What can have happen'd?

Ella. Yes—Glare upon me!—Let me be

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haunted—tortur'd !—But you—you should be in Heav'n !

Mrs. F. This is terrible !—Let me conduct you to a chamber, Lady.

Ella. (suffering herself to be led) Yes—yes —yes—We'll go—we'll search for Rosenberg—Rosenberg shall revenge him.

Mrs. F. This way—Come—Come !

Ella. Where ! where is he ?—Where is Rosenberg ?—Rosenberg !—Rosenberg !

[*Mrs. Flutt. leads her. Exeunt.*

Enter ROSENBERG.

Ros. The door open, and no one attending ! This should be the house. All dark still, and my entrance unobserved.—Should I again be overtaken, my life is in danger, and my Ella left to a lasting wretched widowhood !—When will the morning come ?—Till I can again behold her, every moment is misery.

Re-enter Mrs. FLUTTERMAN.

Mrs. F. Poor thing !—She's quite worn out, and seems inclin'd to rest.—A man !—Who are you, pray ?

Ros. A wretched, but an honest man.—May I beg of you a shelter till the morning ?

Mrs. F. Why, I don't like to turn you out, tho' you have but a suspicious look with you.—But you can't have a bed ;—my last is just occupied by a poor lady, who has escaped from a villain that ran off with her.

Ros. Ah !—I wish I had met him.

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Mrs. F. Will an arm-chair content you?

Ros. More than content me.

Mrs. F. Then go in there and take it.—*(pointing to the chamber door.)*

Ros. I thank you heartily! *(Going)*

Mrs. F. Do you want any thing to eat or drink?

Ros. Nothing.—In the morning you shall be punctually paid for your accommodation.

[*Exit at a Chamber door.*

Mrs. F. Not by such a poor devil as you, depend upon it.

MOUNTFORT *(without.)*

Mount. Within there!—House!—*(He enters.)* So—the door is open.

Mrs. F. Yes;—but I think it's high time to shut it.—Pray, Sir, who may you be?

Mount. No matter—I intrude late—but I shall pay.

Mrs. F. Pay, or not pay, if you're ever so great a man, you can't lodge here to-night:—Our last bed-room is just taken by a poor unhappy lady, that has much more need of it than you.

Mount. (*with interest*) An unhappy lady!—How unhappy?

Mrs. F. Why, some villains ran away with her, and frighten'd her out of her senses.

Mount. (*aside*). So—I'm right at last.—Carried her off, say you?

Mrs. F. Yes, poor girl!—Some man of consequence, I dare say.—Oh, I wish I had him here! (*vehemently*) I'd teach him how to treat the gentle sex in a different manner!

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Mount. I cannot but applaud your spirit, for the lady is my relation.

Mrs. F. Your relation! Then, perhaps, you're the officer that was to come and take care of her?

Mount. (*hesitating*) Yes—(*aside*) Who can she mean?

Mrs. F. She was brought here by a soldier.

Mount. (*aside*) Conrad or Stephen then.—You are right—one of my men.

Mrs. F. And perhaps, then, you know the rascal that carried her off.

Mount. He is to be found.

Mrs. F. I wish you'd tell me where.

Mount. No matter!—she must leave this to-night.

Mrs. F. To-night!—Dear lady, let her have a little repose first.

Mount. But how will her friends repose in her absence?—Consider their anxiety.

Mrs. F. Aye, poor souls, they must be sadly distress'd indeed—Where are her friends?

Mount. (*rather shaken.*)—*aside*) I have robbed her of her last—(*recovering*) Psha! Where is she?—Conduct her to me at once—She must not remain here:—Hold!—You say she is ill?

Mrs. F. Very ill—almost insensible.

Mount. (*aside*) So much the better—A conveyance then must he had—I'll seek one—In the mean time, lest in her derangement she may endeavour to quit your house, I would have a stronger guard upon her. Where's your husband?

Mrs. F. Gone to bed, Sir;—but if you particularly wish it, there's a poor rough-looking man has just taken up his night's lodging in that room, that I dare say would be glad of such a job.

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Mount. Bring him to me—I'll pay him handsomely.

Mrs. F. I'll go and tell him. [*Exit.*

Mount. She's a woman, and I can't trust her.—(*Becomes disturbed.*) Sick!—delirious!—A strange heart-sinking comes over me—Psha!—She'll soon be resign'd—soon smile again, and yet repay the bitter anxiety she has this day cost me.

Enter Mrs. FLUTTERMAN, *conducting* ROSENBERG.

Ros. Is that the gentleman?

Mrs. F. Yes.

Ros. (*advancing*) You would speak to me, Sir—(*Starts, and exclaims aside*) Mountfort!

Mount. Why do you start?

Ros. Your pardon—You are armed—It struck me for a moment you might be—

Mount. A robber, perhaps.—And can you fear robbers, who seem to be in the last stage of misery.—I wish to employ you.—(*To Mrs. F.*) Bring the lady. Are you willing?—(*To Rosenberg.*)

Ros. I must know to what purpose.

Mount. Disasters, which I need not explain to you, have brought a woman, my relation, into the house.

Ros. I have heard of it—You relation?

Mount. Yes—perhaps you saw her then.

Ros. No.

Mount. Her senses have suffer'd; and I want a sufficient guard upon her while I seek a conveyance to carry her home.

Ros. (*aside*) Perhaps some victim of his intemperate passions.

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Mount. Do you hesitate?
Ros. No—you may trust her to me.
Mount. You shall be well rewarded.
Ros. I thank you.
Mount. She is here.

Mrs. FLUTTERMAN *leads in* ELLA.

Ros. Merciful heaven!—It is my wife!
[*Retires in great emotion.*
Mount. (*noticing him with surprise*) What can he mean?—For so rough an outside, he seems strangely sensitive.
Ella. Where—Where am I?—Have I dreamt—or were such horrors real?
Mount. (*tenderly*) My Ella!—(*approaching her.*)
Ella. Ah! Monster!—Spare me! Save me from him!
Mrs. F. She don't like *you*, Sir.
Mount. She raves.
Mrs. F. I'm afraid she has some reason.
Ros. (*aside*) I'm horror struck!—(*incontinently to Col.* Mount.) Wretch!—(Mount. *turns, struck with amaze*) (*aside*) He is armed!—(*to* Mount. *guardedly*) I spoke of him who drove her to this melancholy state.
Mount. For whom, in her phrensy, she has mistaken me. She must be remov'd immediately. You'll guard her safely till my return. [*Exit.*
Mrs. F. Mistaken you!—I'm afraid it's no mistake—He's gone, Madam.
Ella Is he, indeed!—and to whom did he speak?
Mrs. F. To this man.
Ella. (*looking at him*) Ruffian!
Ros. (*aside*) No—She cannot know me.

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Ros. But where am I?—For what new sufferings am I reserved?

Ros. You are under my protection, lady, till the return of Colonel Mountfort.

Mrs. F. The Governor!

Ella. I thought I had escap'd—How came I again in his power? (*Gazes around, then kneels to* Rosen.) Oh! Stranger!—you have a rugged look—yet you may have pity.—Have you a wife?

Ros. (*much moved*) I have.

Ella. Then you should feel for me.—Should you be torn from her, think what you would suffer to have a rich man strive to rob her of her honour—seduce her from your affection, and to gain his cruel purpose, murder the only remaining friend that could shield her, and drag her from his bosom!

Ros. (*smother'd*) Horror!

Ella. Oh! think of this, and pity your poor prisoner—pity her unhappy husband, and deliver me from this cruel, cruel man!

Ros. My heart will burst!—Oh! Ella! Ella!—

Ella. Ah, that voice!—Can it be?

Ros. It is, it is your Rosenberg's.

Ella. My husband!—(*falls into his arms*) Thank God! Thank God! (*Faints.*)

Mrs. F. His wife!

Ros. My Ella! awake!—Look on me, dear, injured excellence!

Ella. (*recovering with sobs of convulsion*) Yes, yes, it is—it is, indeed, my Rosenberg—and yet so changed—Oh! whence do you come?

Ros. From a dungeon.—Mountfort does not know me. A chance—a miracle, places you in my power—I am pursued.

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Ella. Pursued!

Ros. Yes.—This is no time to hear and weep over our mutual sufferings. Flight alone can secure us.—But you spoke of a murder'd protector.

Ella. Yes;—the gallant Storm—the Invalid. He has shelter'd me—He is condemned to die for defending me.—Yet there may be time to save him—Shall we not attempt it?

Ros. In the face of every danger.

Ella. Throw ourselves at the feet of the Elector?

Ros. Come— [*Music.*

Re-enter MOUNTFORT.

Returned so soon!—How shall I act?

Mount. A conveyance is at hand.—I met with it accidentally.—You must attend her with me.

(Rosenberg *looks inquisitively at* Ella.)

Ella. (apart.) Yes—consent.

Ros. (to Mount.) You shall command me.

Mount. One moment.—(*aside, with disquiet.*) Two men with torches watch'd my entrance—What could they mean?—Ah! they are here! [*Music.*

Enter two of the PURSUERS *of* Rosenberg, *and advance to* Mountfort, *as if suspecting him.*

(The music expresses alarm and surprise.)

Ros. (*aside*) My pursuers!—(*fear and surprise.*)

1st Pur. 'Tis not he!

2d Pur. 'Tis the Governor!

Mount. Ah! are not you from the castle of Walstein?

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1st. Pur. We are—in search of a prisoner who has escaped.

Mount. Who?

2d Pur. Why, he is there!

Mount. There!—

Ros. I'm lost!—

Mount. Who is it?

Ros. (*rushing forward as if to confound him*) Rosenberg!—(*Mount starts and shudders*) You are shaken!—Heaven's justice will follow you.—Repent, and set me free.

Mount. (*gradually resuming his audacity*). It is too late!—Secure him:—

Ros. Despair then assist me!

Pursuers. Resistance!

Ella. Forbear!

[Rosenberg *snatches a Sword from one of the* Pursuers, *and attacks the other; when* Mountfort *interferes, and wounds him—he drops the Sabre.*

Ros. I am wounded!

Ella. My love! (*supports him.*)

Mount. Guard them both—this is in self-defence.—In your power!—No.—The light of day you never must behold again.—But your wife—your faithful wife—is now free to be your companion.

Ella. Inhuman monster! [*Music.*

Enter the two other PURSUERS, *conducted by the* ELECTOR, *disguised.*

Mount. Who are these?

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1st *Pur.* Two of our comrades.

3d. *Pur.* What!—you've found our man then.

1st. *Pur.* Yes,—here he is—safe enough.

Elec. (*aside*) His wife too.

4th *Pur.* Our friend was right then.

1st *Pur.* Our friend?

3d *Pur.* Yes.—This gentleman.—We met him by the way, and he was kind enough to bring us here in search of him.

Mount. We thank him. You are now under orders of the Governor.

(*They appeal to the first Pursuers, in action, who assent.*)

Mount. No more delay—drag them to their prison.

Elec. (*coming forward.*) I command ye—hold!

(*Mountfort amazed.*)

Ros. (*his attention roused.*) Ha! the friend I met among the mountains.

Mount. A *command* to the Governor of Molwitz?

Elect. Aye!

Mount. From whom?

Elec. (*discovering himself*) His Master!—

All. The Elector!

Elec. There is your Prisoner—(*pointing to Mountfort.*—Do you pause?—Guard him instantly.—(*they obey*).—(*a pause.*)—Rosenberg, you have done me wrong—this night while I listened to your reproaches, I was ignorant of your fate, and on my way to administer to the afflictions of your wife.—Of her wrongs and yours I am now informed, and know them but to redress them. "With our wilful faults the

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" tongue of faction is amply exercised: for our " errors in judgment we should at least share the " indulgence due to the meanest of our subjects. " —The same villain was once the friend of your " bosom, who has now abused the confidence of " his prince."

" *Rosen.* 'Tis just—I am ashamed—(*goes to bend*)"

" *Elec.* (*checking him*)—No—I would not " humble the man whose virtuous feelings entitle " him to my continued love, confidence and es- " teem."—The posts Mountfort has dishonoured are yours—He is your prisoner.—Yet more—(*to* Mount.)—Savage hypocrite!—The brave and virtuous Invalid!—(Mount. *shudders.*)

Ella.—(*eager.*) Oh Sire!—Is he dead?—May he yet be saved?

Elec. From his own cottage I dispatch'd the mandate for his pardon—His niece follows the messenger.—(*menacing* Mount.) Should they be too late—

(*A Shout without.*)

" Huzza!—Storm is safe—Storm is pardoned!"—

Elec. You are fortunate.

(*Music expresses exultation.*)

Enter STORM, *followed by* COMMANDER *of the* GUARD, CHRISTINA, *Soldiers, Soldier's Wives, Peasants, &c. &c. &c.*

(Storm *rushes to the embraces of* Ella.)

Ella. My preserver!—Accept also the embrace of my grateful husband.

Storm. Rosenberg!

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Ros. My generous friend!

Storm. And are you free?

Ros. Free, and happy!

Storm. (*looking about him, is agitated with excessive joy.*)—What! the Governor a prisoner! —The Prince too!

Ros. Yes; and now let us together express our eternal devotion and gratitude to a beneficent Sovereign.

Rosenberg, Ella, *and* Storm *kneel at the* Elector's *feet.*

Soldiers, &c.—" Huzza! " Long live Alberto!"

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

The Picture continues.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

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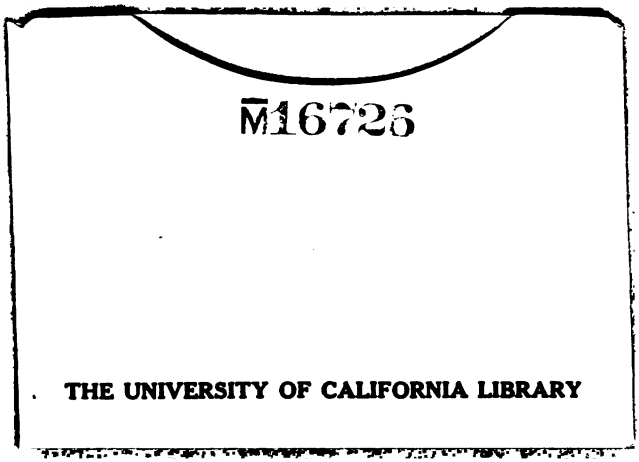
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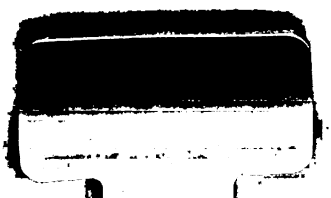

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